

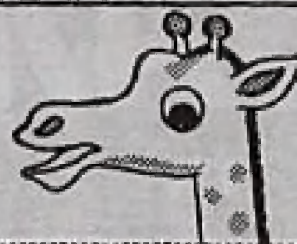
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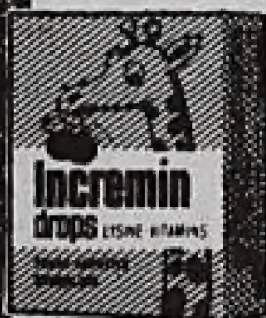
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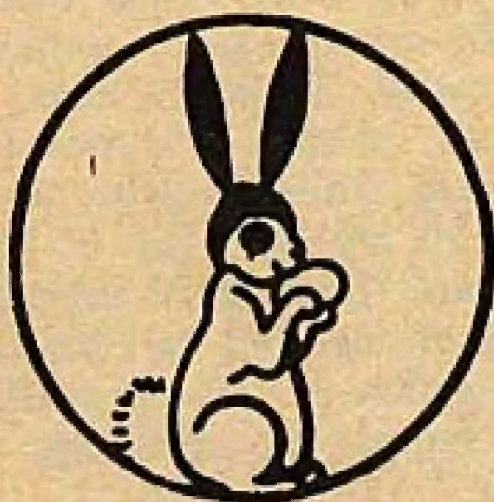
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Printed by B. V. Reddi at Prasad Process Private Ltd., and published by B. Viswanatha Reddi for Sarada Binding Works, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras-26. Controlling Editor: "Chakrapani".



A DONKEY TALE

limp around,' he thought. 'I will play with him for a while, then I will eat him at leisure.'

"How come you are so lame?" the wolf asked, with visions of what a tasty breakfast this donkey would make.

The donkey gave his head a sorrowful shake. "Alas my friend," he said. "I must have a sharp stone imbedded in the hoof of my hind leg. I know you are thinking of making a meal of me, but be charitable and make my last moments in life happy by removing the stone."

The wolf thought this silly donkey cannot get away, so I might as well please him. So the wolf picked up the donkey's leg and started to examine the hoof. With that the donkey lashed out with his leg and laid the wolf out cold.

Eyeing his unconscious enemy, the donkey realised he had learnt a lesson, and it was far better to carry the washing on its back, than make a meal for a wolf. And so the donkey trotted happily back to the village.

The village dhobie had a donkey who got fed up with the chore of having to carry the load of washing to and from the dhobie ghat each day.

One evening as the donkey stumbled along with a load heavier than usual, it resolved to run away into the forest, where it was sure life would be easy, with plenty to eat, and nothing to do.

Waiting till his master was sound asleep that night, the donkey stole away into the forest, ready to enjoy a nice idle life.

With the coming of day, the donkey sauntered along, looking for something good to eat. When suddenly a big ferocious wolf jumped from behind a tree, and stood in the donkey's path.

The donkey had no wish to be the wolf's breakfast, so thinking quickly, he put on a decided limp.

The wolf stood there smack-ing its lips. 'Let my friend



REVENGE IS SWEET

A teacher had two pupils who could never agree on anything. At the slightest pretext these two pupils would shout and storm at each other, and it took all the teacher's time to prevent them coming to blows.

The teacher was quite elderly and suffered badly from rheumatic pains in his legs. So every night he got the two pupils to massage his legs to relieve the pain and allow him to sleep.

But even doing this, the pupils would bicker and scream at one another as to which leg each should massage. In the end the teacher said that one pupil would always massage the

left leg, and the other the right leg.

This worked all right for a while, until the pupil who massaged the left leg had to visit a sick relative. During his absence, the teacher asked the other pupil to massage both his legs. The pupil refused to do so, as it was the other pupil's task. When the teacher remonstrated with him, the pupil lost his temper, and rushed out of the house, picked up a big stone, which he threw on the teacher's left leg, shouting, "That will teach him to go off and leave me to massage both legs."

The poor teacher swooned with the pain of his broken leg, and a servant had to run and fetch the doctor, who set the leg in splints.

The following day the other

pupil returned, and was surprised to find his teacher propped up in bed, with his leg swathed in bandages.

When he asked how such an accident occurred, the teacher shook his head ruefully. "Your fellow student broke my leg with a big stone, to express his anger against you, just because I asked him to massage both my legs."

"What wickedness," shouted the pupil as he rushed into the street, and picking up the biggest stone he could find, carried it back into the house, and banged it on the teacher's right leg.

As the teacher screamed in pain, the pupil shouted with delight. "That will teach that blackguard to break my leg. An eye for an eye, a leg for a leg."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Clues to words ACROSS

1. Striped stinging insect.
4. Ship used to tow other vessels.
5. Large striped animal of the cat family.

7. Bird that comes out at night.
8. Large expanse of salt water.
10. Furry animal that lives in water.
12. Peter . . .
13. Boy servant or attendant.

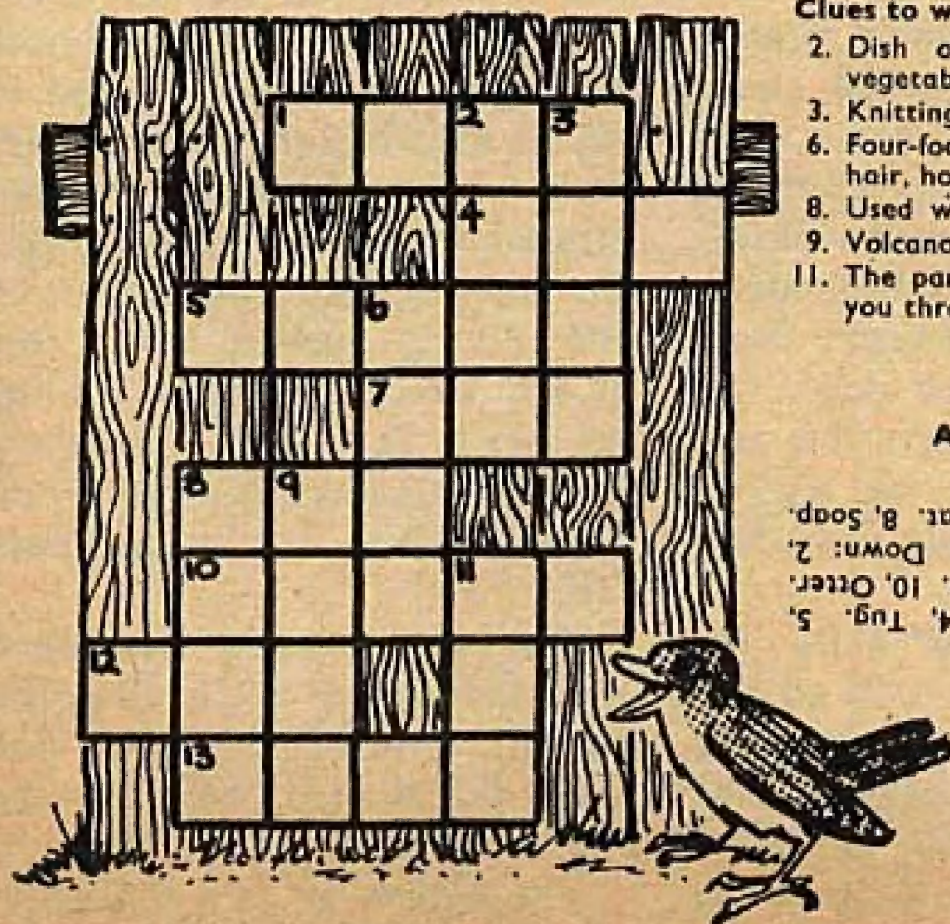
Clues to words DOWN

2. Dish of boiled meat and vegetables.
3. Knitting stitch.
6. Four-footed animal with long hair, horns and a beard.
8. Used when washing.
9. Volcano in Sicily.
11. The part of a needle where you thread cotton.

ANSWERS

Across: 1. Wasp. 4. Tug. 5. Stew. 3. Purl. 6. Goat. 8. Soap. 9. Etna. 11. Eye.

Down: 2. Pan. 13. Page. 7. Owl. 8. Sea. 10. Otter.



The Blue Rose

Once upon a time there was a farmer who was very ill. He had an only son, called Colin, who had tried every cure possible to make him well again.

"Last night I had a dream," said the father one morning. "In this dream, a fairy came and told me that the only way I could be cured was to get hold of a blue rose, which grows in an ancient castle, close to the sea. Whoever gets possession of it will have perfect health and long life."

"If I have to cross all the lands and all the seas, I will find the blue rose for you, father," Colin promised him.

Pausing only to collect a little food, Colin set off on his journey.

When it was getting dark, he came to the edge of a forest, very tired and hungry. He stopped and took out of his pocket a small piece of meat and some dry bread.

As he was about to eat it, he noticed an old woman

nearby, looking at him and licking her lips.

"Are you hungry, too?" he asked.

"Very much—it's two days since I tasted any food," she replied.

At once Colin divided the meat and bread and handed half to her.

"Thank you," she sighed when she had eaten. "You are a good boy and I will reward you. Take this whistle. When blown it gives out a note so soft that only you will be able to hear it. If you blow one note, everything near to you will stand still like a statue for as long as you wish. If you blow two notes, persons around you will run and dance as though mad. If you blow three notes, then your table will be covered with good things to eat."

Thanking the old woman, Colin went to find a place to sleep for the night. He found a small cottage, the door of

which was opened by a poor peasant.

"Come in, my boy," he smiled. "My wife and seven children are just sitting down to supper, but we have nothing better to offer you than a little bread and dried fruit."

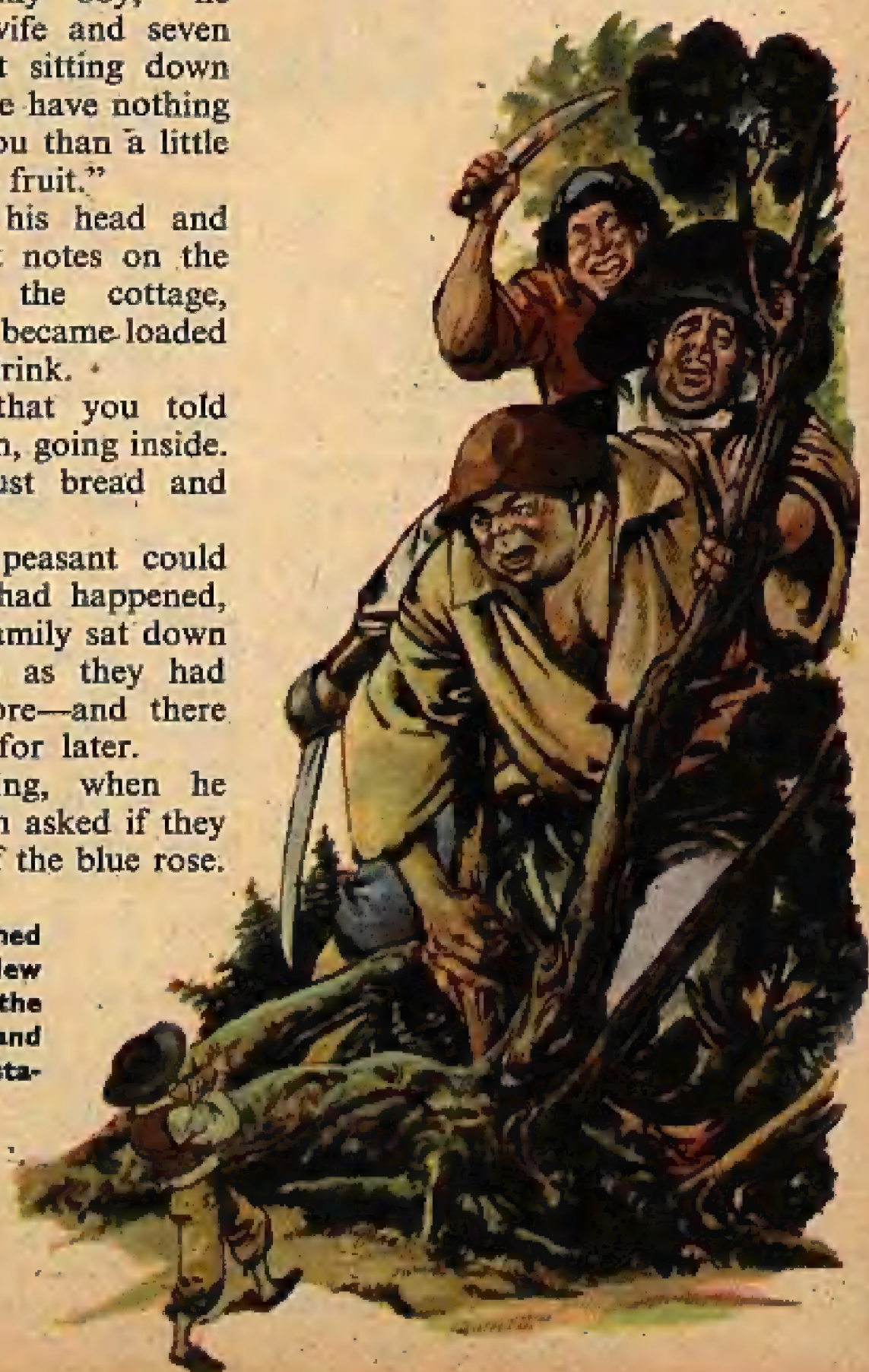
Colin turned his head and blew three silent notes on the whistle. Inside the cottage, the table at once became loaded with food and drink.

"What was that you told me?" asked Colin, going inside. "This is not just bread and dried fruit."

Amazed, the peasant could not guess what had happened, but he and his family sat down to a meal such as they had never eaten before—and there was plenty left for later.

In the morning, when he was leaving Colin asked if they knew anything of the blue rose.

As the giants rushed at him, Colla blew one note on the magic whistle and they became statues.





They brought more and more food to stuff into the keeper's mouth.

When I was at sea, I heard of many wonderful things," the peasant told him. "There is somewhere a magic castle, in which a beautiful princess is a prisoner. You must wake up this princess and ask her to give you the blue rose but, to get to the castle, you have to go through a thick forest full of giants and then make the keeper of the castle, who is an evil wizard, give you the golden key which opens the tower in which the princess is a prisoner. Take care, however, for the wizard makes everybody who enters his forest prisoners for the rest of their lives."

Colin thanked them and continued his journey. When he reached the magic forest, he heard angry voices like the rumbling of thunder and three great giants, with big knives in their hands, rushed at him. Anyone else would have tried to run away in fear, but Colin secretly blew one note on the whistle and at once the giants became rooted to the spot like stone statues and he was able to walk past them without being harmed.

Thus he arrived safely at the magic castle. The door opened and the ugly face of the keeper glared out.

"Come in, come in," growled the keeper. "I suppose you,

too, have come to collect the blue rose?"

"Yes, that's right," said Colin.

The keeper chuckled and slammed the door shut behind them. "You are my prisoner for ever," he said. "From now on you will be my slave. If you dare touch the golden key, or annoy me in the slightest way, I will chop your head off."

"Very well," nodded Colin, calmly.

He set about being a servant to the keeper and got him a meal, but when the magician was about to try the first mouthful, Colin blew once on the whistle and he remained rigid, with the fork halfway to his mouth.

Colin laughed and laughed. When all the other servants came in, carrying trays of food, he blew the whistle twice and they began to run to and from the kitchen like mad, bringing more and more food, which they stuffed into the keeper's mouth, until he could take no more.

"That's enough," laughed Colin. "You can see that he is like a statue and cannot move. Now you can all escape from here."

When the servants had hurried away, delighted at their freedom, the boy took the golden key and went to the castle tower, where the princess was being kept prisoner.

She was fast asleep on a silver bed, but when Colin sounded the whistle twice, she jumped up and began to run and dance. Quickly, he changed the magic spell and explained to the girl the reason for his visit.



"Here is the blue rose," the princess said, offering it to Colin.

"Here is the blue rose," she said, offering it to him. "I was keeping it hidden in this tower and because I would never give it him, the keeper put a spell upon me to remain asleep for the rest of my life."

"Now you are free, princess," said Colin. "As for the keeper—well, come and see for yourself."

The princess laughed when she saw him still sitting at the

table like a statue, too full of food to be able to speak. "Let him remain there like that for ever," she said. "It is what he deserves."

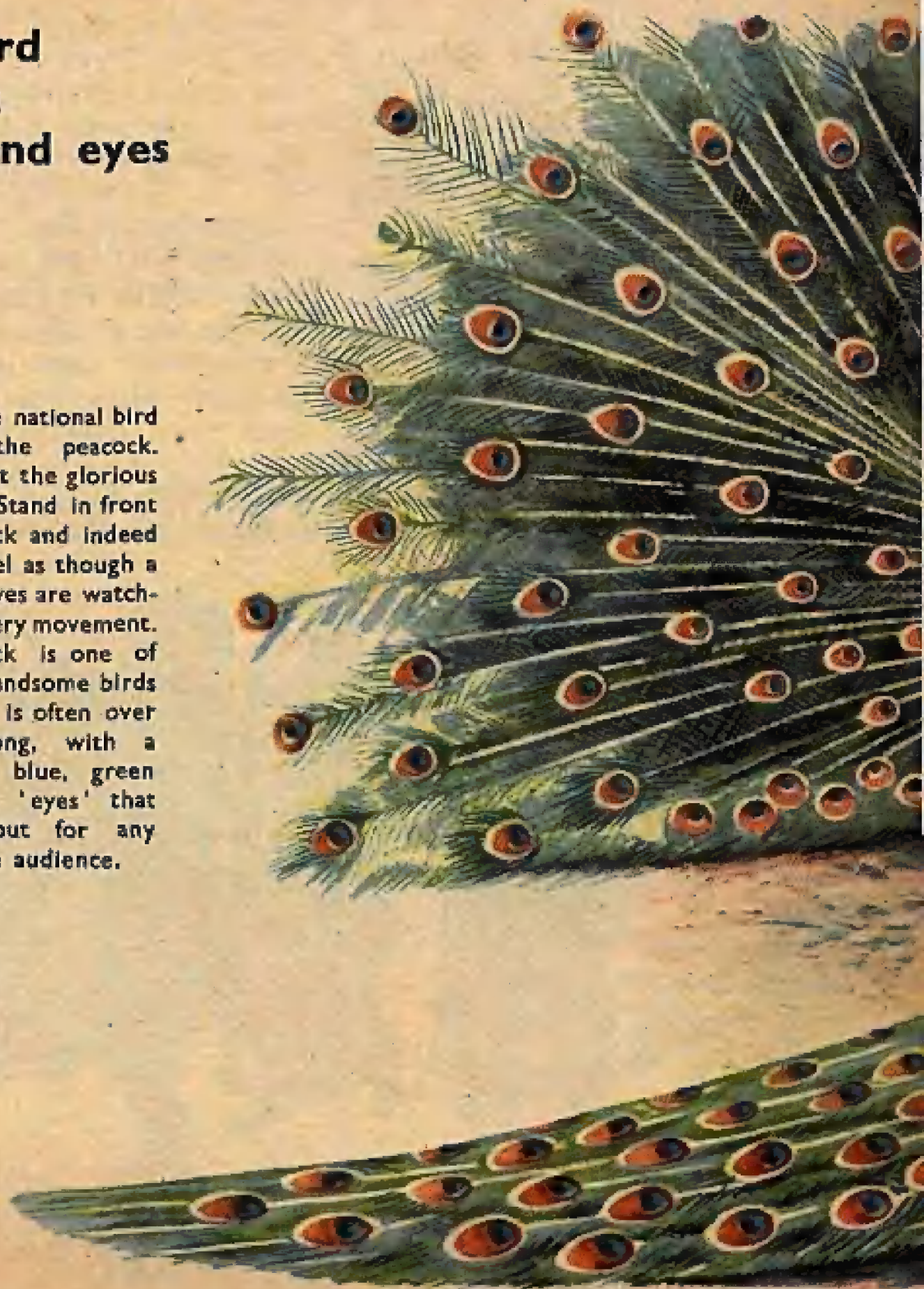
Happily, Colin and the princess went back to the father and when he touched the blue rose he was at once made quite well again . . . and his joy was complete when, later on, Colin and the princess were married.

**Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews,
Sold his wife for a pair of shoes.**

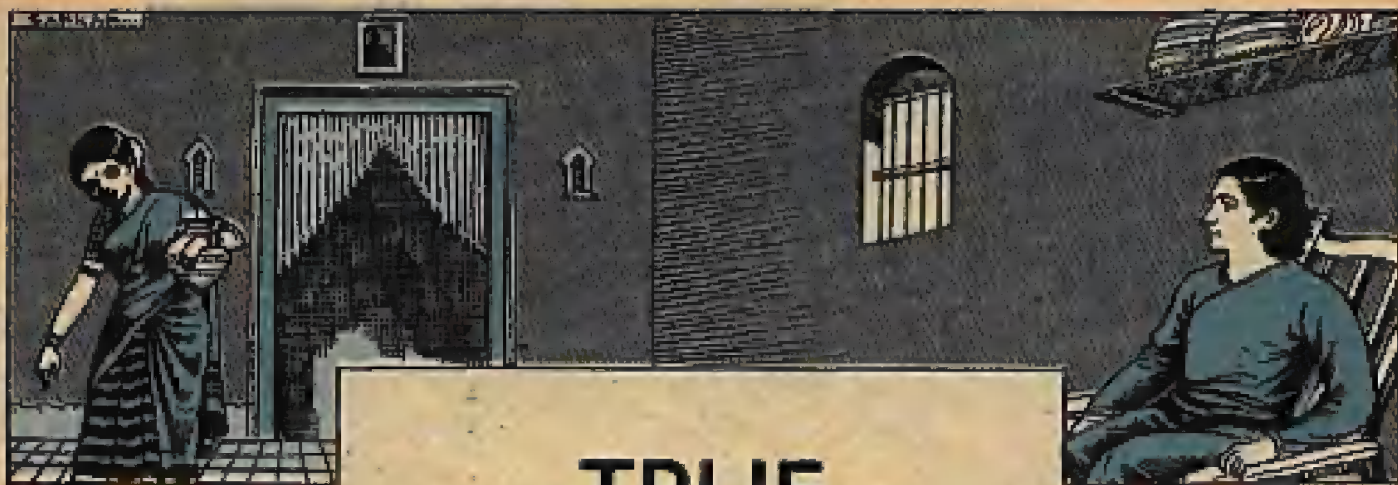


The bird with a thousand eyes

Here is the national bird of India - the peacock. Just look at the glorious plumage. Stand in front of a peacock and indeed you will feel as though a thousand eyes are watching your every movement. The peacock is one of the most handsome birds and its tail is often over 7 foot long, with a myriad of blue, green and purple 'eyes' that will fan out for any appreciative audience.







TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Many years ago in a village on the banks of the river Ganga, there lived two young men, named Sangay and Pratap who were devoted friends. When they came of age and had finished schooling, they set out in different directions to find suitable employment.

Sangay eventually found himself in the kingdom of Amaranath, and by dint of hard work and loyalty, rose to high office in the King's service. Pratap also did well in the kingdom of Ujjain.

Twelve years passed, and although the two friends had not seen each other, they took advantage of every opportunity to send messages and gifts. Then Sangay decided to travel to Ujjain to see his friend, and what a happy reunion it was.

They spent days just sitting and talking of the old days in their native village.

But after a time Pratap became worried, because his friend Sangay became pale and drawn. He merely toyed with his food, and it was obvious that he was not sleeping well, as many nights Pratap heard his friend pacing up and down in his bedchamber.

At last Pratap, with great concern for his friend asked, "What ails you? If you are feeling ill, let me send for the doctor."

Sangay wearily shook his head. "I am not ill, but I have fallen in love with a girl in your household. If she will not marry me, I see no point in continuing to live."

Pratap could hardly hide his

dismay, for he knew that Sangay must be referring to the girl Rama, who he himself hoped one day to marry. But he was so devoted to his friend, he arranged for the two to marry. After the wedding ceremony, the bridal couple returned to Amaranath.

Soon after this the King of Ujjain died, and was succeeded by his son, who had no love for Pratap. The new King was only too pleased to listen to any false accusation against Pratap, so it was not surprising when Pratap was summarily dismissed from service and all his possessions confiscated.

Now somewhat destitute and without a solitary friend in Ujjain, Pratap decided to go to Amaranath and see if Sangay could help him in his hour of need.

It was a long journey and having very little money, Pratap was forced to walk most of the way, and had to rely on the generosity of villagers for something to eat.

When he did eventually reach Amaranath, it was late at night, and in his bedraggled plight Pratap was loathe to call at his friend's house at such a late hour. Stumbling through the



dark street, he came to the city graveyard, and seeing an old thatched shed, decided to sleep there for the remainder of the night.

During the night he was awakened by angry voices, and when Pratap quietly looked outside, he could discern two men violently quarrelling. In the uncertain light of the moon, Pratap was horrified to see that both men had daggers in their hands, but before he could move or call out, there was a terrible scream and one of the men collapsed on the ground. The other ran off into the night.



Unfortunately for Pratap, others had heard the violent quarrel and when they rushed to the scene and found Pratap near the dead body, they naturally concluded that he was the assailant. Pratap's pleas of innocence were of no avail, and the angry crowd hauled him through the streets to the guard house.

Next morning Pratap heavily guarded, was marched to the palace to stand trial for murder. In the courtyard Sangay happened to be passing, and

although Pratap was unkept and dressed in dirty, torn clothing, Sangay recognised his friend, and demanded from the captain of the guard, as to why this man was under arrest.

"Your Excellency", replied the captain. "This prisoner is accused of murdering a man in the graveyard last night."

"This man is innocent," Sangay protested. "It was I who murdered the man last night."

Pratap hearing his friend intervene, tried to break loose

shouting. "The man lies, I am the murderer and readily admit it."

The captain of the guard was puzzled as to why two men should confess to the same murder, but then shrugging his shoulders, decided it was not his responsibility to decide who was who, and promptly took both the men in front of the judge.

Having listened to both men's renewed confessions, the judge, who was in a bad temper that morning, pronounced in a scornful voice: "Obviously one of these two men is the murderer, and the other must indeed be mad to confess to a crime he did not commit. So I sentence that both are to be hanged immediately."

Followed by a large crowd of morbid spectators, the two friends were taken to the place of execution. In the crowd was the man who was guilty of the crime. The killing on the previous night was already preying on his conscience, and the sight of two innocent men about to be hanged for his crime, was more than he could bear. Breaking through the guard at the foot of the gallows, he threw himself at the feet of the

captain of the guard. "These two men are innocent," he protested, pointing to Sangay and Pratap. "I alone am guilty of the crime."

This was too much for the captain in one day, so back to the palace he took all three men, to see if the judge could solve the riddle.

When the three men stood in front of the judge, Sangay and Pratap admitted that they had no part in the killing.

Turning to Sangay, the judge asked. "If you did not commit this crime, why did you say you were the culprit?"

"Your Lordship," Sangay



replied. When I saw my dear friend Pratap in custody for murder, I presumed he was guilty. So I confessed to the crime, as I could not face my friend being hanged."

Hearing this Pratap was quite overcome, and with tears in his eyes said. "I swear I never killed anyone. But how wonderful it is to have a friend who would willingly sacrifice his life to save mine."

Now the judge turned to the third man. "You publicly announced that you are guilty. What have you to say?"

"I did kill the man, but it was in self defence," the man replied. "The man was an utter rogue. For years he owed me a large sum of money, but always evaded payment. Last evening he asked me to meet him at the graveyard so that he could pay me what he owed. When

I arrived he started to curse me, then drew his knife to kill me. But I was too quick for him, and I swear I had no intention to kill the miscreant.

The judge asked the captain of the guard whether anything was known of the dead man. When the captain said that the dead man had a bad record of robbery with violence, the judge pondered for a while, then announced "Here we have three men all accused of committing the one crime. But it is reasonable to assume that the man was killed in self defence, so I order all the accused to be set free."

Soon afterwards, Sangay used his influence at court to get his friend Pratap the position of Keeper of the King's Treasury. And the two men were inseparable friends for the rest of their lives.



THE PRINCE WITH A LONG NOSE

Once there was a king who had fallen in love with a beautiful princess. He wished to marry her, but he could not, for a wicked magician had put a spell on her, so the king went to a fairy and asked her what he could do.

"The remedy is simple," said the fairy. "In the palace there is a cat which is always with the princess. If you only step on its tail, the spell will be broken and the princess will fall in love with you and agree to be your wife."

The king went at once to the palace to see his princess and there was the cat, but as soon as he tried to step on its tail, it rubbed against his legs. However hard he tried, its tail always seemed to be waving in the air.

However, one day the king found the cat asleep and stamped hard on its tail. The cat awoke and changed at once into the wicked magician. He was blazing with anger at the king's deed.

"You have broken the spell and may claim the princess as your bride, but I will have my revenge," roared the magician. "You will have a son with a very long nose. When he grows up he will be very un-





happy until the moment he knows his nose is too long, but if ever you should mention it, or speak to anyone of what I have said, he will die."

The king was quite alarmed, but he thought that a long nose could do no harm to anyone. "Since he will not be blind and will have hands, he can easily see or feel how long it is for himself," thought the king and then forgot about it.

However, about a year after they were married, the king died. Soon afterwards a son was born to his queen. He

was a delightful baby but he had a very long nose and the poor queen was most upset.

Her husband had told no one about the magician's curse and all the courtiers, wishing to be as flattering as possible about the new baby, assured the queen that all great men had large noses.

They said it so often that at last the queen believed them and came to think that the prince's nose was not so very long after all. She loved her baby so dearly that he was always called Prince Charming.

Nobody was ever allowed to mention that his nose was long. When he was old enough to do lessons, his teachers took care to tell him that all the great princes and famous people he learnt about in history had long noses.

All the portraits in the prince's rooms were of men with long noses and he grew up to believe that long noses were very fashionable. In fact, he would not have changed his nose for anything.

The time came to find the prince a bride and pictures of several princesses were given to him. He fell in love at once with Princess Blanche, who was very beautiful.

There was only one thing wrong with her. She had the tiniest of noses, but the prince did not mind that at all, strangely enough and was angry with anyone who criticised it. The courtiers got round it cleverly by saying that although a large nose was the only thing for a man, it did not matter in the least if a woman had a small nose.

Prince Charming sent messengers to ask for the princess's hand in marriage. She agreed and returned with the messen-

gers.

Prince Charming could hardly wait to see her and set out at once to meet her on the road.

He reached the coach and was just about to help her to the ground when the wicked magician appeared and snatched the princess away.

The prince was in despair and he decided that the only thing to do was to set out in search



of his princess.

Not knowing where to start, the prince let his horse go wherever it wished.

Soon they came to a great plain across which they travelled all day. There was not a house to be seen and by nightfall both the prince and the horse were hungry and tired.

At last the prince saw a light coming from a cave and he made his way towards it. When he went in he saw a little old lady. She was really the fairy in disguise and when the prince entered, she took out her spectacles to have a closer look at him. However, she had such a tiny nose that she had great difficulty putting them on and keeping them in place.



When the spectacles were settled at last, both the prince and the fairy burst out laughing and said together, "What a funny nose."

"My nose is not funny, madam," said the prince. "It is fashionable. However, I am hungry and tired. I wonder if you could give me food and also fodder for my horse."

"With the greatest of pleasure," said the fairy. "For in spite of your long nose you are the son of a great friend of mine. How well I remember your father. Now he had a fine nose."

"And pray what does mine lack?" asked the prince curiously.

"Oh, it lacks nothing," said the fairy. "If anything there is too much of it, but I am sure you are a good fellow, in spite of your huge nose. I must tell you about the last conversation I had with your father."

"I would be delighted to hear it, but first I would welcome some food, madam," said the famished prince.

"Of course," said the fairy. "You shall eat and I will tell my story briefly, for I always say that a tongue which is too long is worse than a nose which

is too long."

"The pleasure it gives me to listen to you could make me forget my hunger," said the prince courteously, "but my horse, who cannot listen, would welcome food."

"I will certainly give you something to eat, for in spite of your enormous nose you are a kind and thoughtful young man," said the fairy. At that, she clapped her hands and a number of servants appeared. They brought good food for both the prince and his horse.

The prince was glad to see the food, but he was becoming a little annoyed by all the comments about his nose. "if I were not so hungry I would leave at once," he thought to himself, "for this old woman is really rather rude and it is her own nose which is at fault. She must have been surrounded by flatterers all her life. I must make a rule never to listen to



flatterers and be deceived by them."

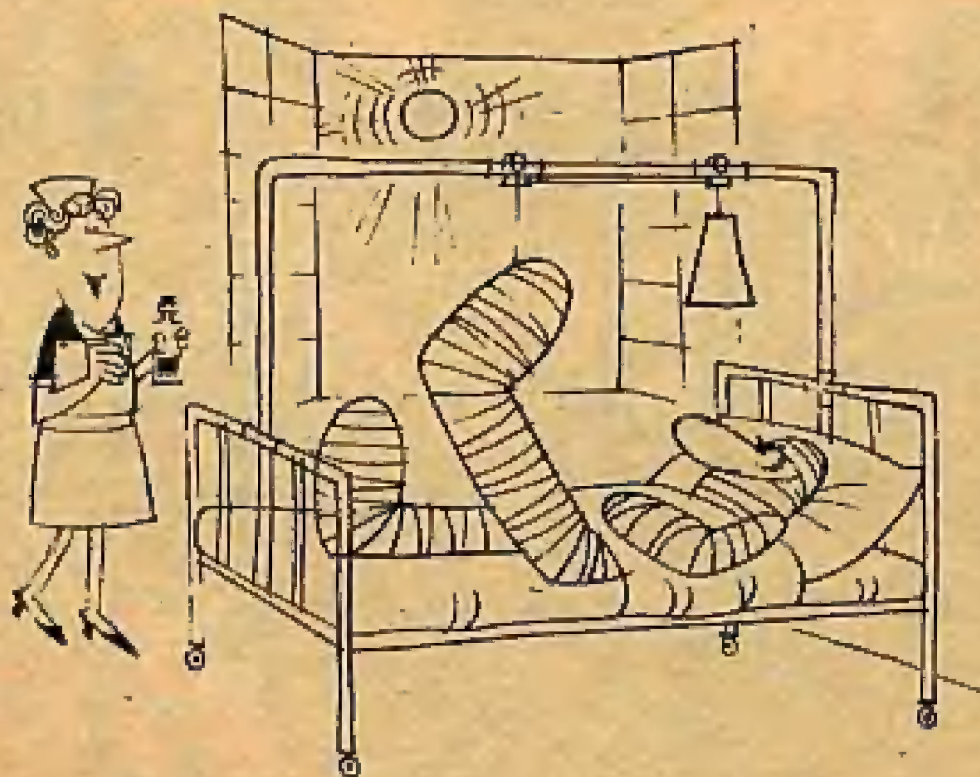
When he had eaten, the prince went on his way once more. He travelled many miles and at last he found his princess, but she was shut in a crystal tower and he could find no way in. There was only a small window. Through this the princess stretched out her hand and the prince bent to kiss it, but try as he would, he could not reach it. His nose was in the way.

At last he exclaimed, "What a nuisance it is to have a nose

that is too long."

At once the tower shivered into a thousand pieces and the fairy stood there. "You have seen your defects at last," she said to the prince. "Now take your princess and go home and remember in future never to listen to flatterers."

The prince touched his nose and to his delight it had shrunk to a very handsome one. He thanked the fairy gratefully and then he and his bride went back to their kingdom where they were married at once and crowned king and queen.



"You're getting a nice tan, Mr. Smith!"

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS



"We could not stand the nose of this machine going tick, tick, tick. There were other articles such as—"



"—a big penknife, sundry round pieces of yellow metal. This is a true inventory of what we found." This was signed by both the officers.



When this inventory was read to the Emperor, he asked to see the hollow iron pillars. By which he meant my pair of pistols.



The Emperor asked me to show him how a pistol was used. So I fired a shot, and the noise certainly scared everyone, including the Emperor.



All my personal belongings listed on the inventory, were loaded into carriages and taken to the Emperor's storehouse.



By good fortune, they had not discovered my glasses, and these I carefully hid in an inside pocket.



My good behaviour and gentleness had made a good impression on everybody and helped me to obtain my liberty.



An officer announced that I would be set free, subject to certain conditions. The main condition read "You should do your utmost to destroy the Blefuscu fleet which is now preparing to invade us."



Having read out all the conditions, the officer informed me that if I swore a solemn oath to observe all the conditions, I should be set free.



Now free of my fetters, I was given permission by the Emperor to see Mildendo, the capital of Lilliput.



The city is built in an exact square about 500 feet long on each side, and surrounded by a wall. There were two principal roads dividing the city into four quarters. The houses are extremely well built, and for my visit, every window and roof top were crowded with spectators.



All the inhabitants had been warned of my visit, and ordered to keep off the streets. I walked along the two main roads, taking every care not to tread on anyone or damage the buildings.



The Emperor's palace is in the centre of the city enclosed by a wall two feet high. I had been given permission to step over the wall and walk in the palace ground.



By lying down on my side, I was able to look into some of the windows, and was truly amazed at the luxury of the royal apartment.



Looking through one window, I saw the Emperor and his counsellors deep in discussion.



IT IS THE
ORDER
OF THE
EMPEROR

The Emperor's private secretary came to the window and announced. "Blefuscu threatens to invade us, so the Emperor orders



I found out that Blefuscu is an island, off the north east coast of Lilliput. Its people were all small like the Lilliputians, but the two countries were bitter enemies.



The distance between the two islands is only about 800 yards, and the sea in between surprisingly shallow, certainly not more than six feet deep.



I walked into the sea towards Blefuscu, armed with nothing more than fifty lengths of strong cord, with a hook attached to each length of cord.



The Blefuscu fleet was quite impressive, but when the men on board saw me, they lost no time in jumping into the sea, and swimming to the shore.

NATURE

Emerald Tree Boa

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows an Emerald Tree Boa (*Boa canina*).

It is a member of the *Boidae* family and, as its name implies, it spends its life in and around trees.

Like all boas, the Emerald Tree Boa produces live young, unlike the pythons which lay eggs.

Boas and pythons, however, do have many features in common. They both have two very well-developed lungs and they also have the remains of hind limbs, unlike any of the other snakes.

Both boas and pythons kill their prey by constriction. They strike with their teeth and then wrap their bodies round tighten and tighter until breathing is stopped and life is extinct.

NATURE

Giant Tortoise

THE picture on the other side of this index card shows a Giant Tortoise (*Testudo gigantea*).

Probably the largest of these tortoises was one that came from the island of Saint Anne (in the Seychelles). Its shell was 49½ in. long and it lived for around 68 years.

The oldest known Giant Tortoise was taken to Mauritius by Marion de Fresne, a French explorer in 1766. It was known as "Marion's Tortoise" and was almost certainly 180 years old when it died. It did not die naturally even then. It fell through a gun emplacement. At the time of its death, however, it was said to be blind.

NATURE

Monitor Lizard

MONITOR lizards are more like mythical dragons than any other living creatures. The neck and head of a monitor lizard is long and its body is short and heavy. It has a very thick tail and its legs are equipped with very cruel-looking claws. It also has a forked tongue which can be pushed a long way out of its mouth.

It does not, however, breathe fire.

The monitor lizard in the picture on the other side of this index card is an African Savanna Monitor. Its Latin zoological name is *Varanus exanthematicus*.

NATURE

Sea Turtle

THE Leatherback Sea Turtle is an extraordinary creature, being much bigger and much heavier than any land tortoise or fresh water turtle.

It is found in most tropical waters and is sometimes seen around the coasts of England, South Africa and Argentina.

When fully-grown, it may measure 7½ ft. in length and has been known to weigh as much as 1,200 lb.

Its front limbs are huge flippers with a spread of about 9 ft. and it has no external shell. Instead, it has seven ridges, running lengthwise down its back and in the skin of its back are plates of bone, forming a kind of internal shell.

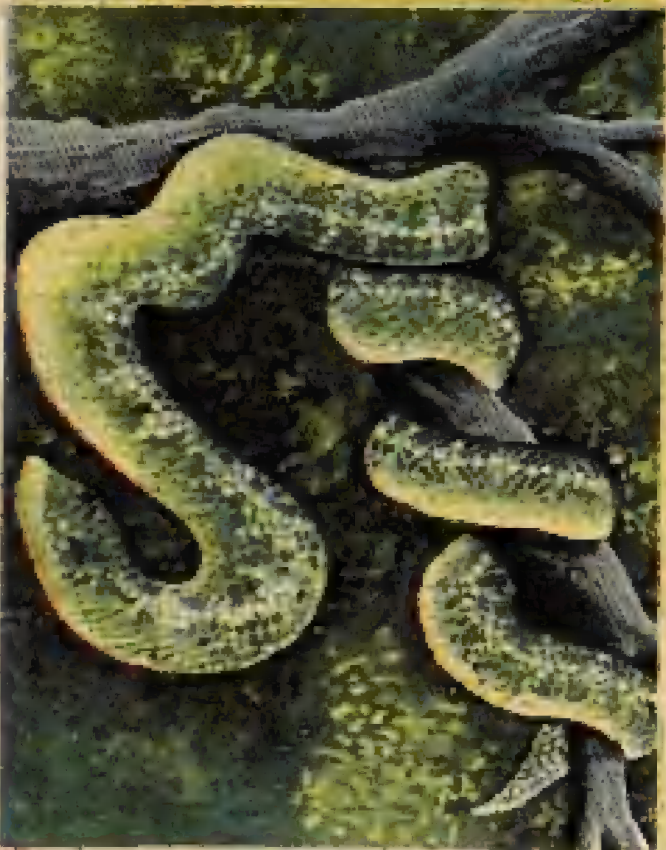
NATURE

Monitor Lizard



NATURE

Emerald Tree Boa



NATURE

Sea Turtle



NATURE

Giant Tortoise



GEOGRAPHY

GREECE 1



GEOGRAPHY

GREECE 2



GEOGRAPHY

GREECE 3



GEOGRAPHY

GREECE 4



GEOGRAPHY

GREECE 2

THE national costume of Greece is now really worn only on special occasions but until quite recently it was not unusual to see a Greek peasant man wearing the traditional short white kilt. This is known as a "fustanella" and is usually worn with a colourful waistcoat and a small cap.

Another traditional costume worn by Greek men, however, is knickerbocker-type breeches, coming to just below the knee and long white boots.

The traditional costume for Greek women is a long dress with an apron or a long pinafore-type dress and white blouse. The head-dress is white or coloured and is often draped round the shoulders.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows some typical modern Greek national costumes.

GEOGRAPHY

GREECE 4

BECAUSE of the physical peculiarities of Greece, only about a quarter of it can be cultivated.

Of those areas that are cultivated, about half are given over to the production of cereals—barley, rice, wheat and maize—and indeed rice is one of the principal foods of Greece.

The main exports of Greece are currants and tobacco.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows tobacco drying on branches attached to a house.

Olives are also grown in Greece and a great many grapes. From these last, wine is made but it is usually for home consumption as the resin in it makes it rather an acquired taste.

Fruit is quite plentiful—the main fruits being figs and oranges.

GEOGRAPHY

GREECE 1

GREECE is a country situated in the Balkan peninsula. It includes a number of islands which lie in the Aegean Sea and near the coast of Asia Minor.

The area of Greece is about 51,246 square miles but, because much of it is mountainous, the population is relatively small.

Although there are rivers, they are not navigable and, during the summer, usually dry up.

Modern Greece is larger than the Greece of the ancients. In 1913, Macedonia, Crete, Epirus and the Aegean Isles were added. After the first World War, western Thrace was added and after the second World War, Rhodes and the Dodecanese.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows a map of modern Greece.

GEOGRAPHY

GREECE 3

THE capital of Greece is Athens and was one of the most famous cities of the ancient world. It is situated on and near a group of hills in the area known as Attica and part of the Attic plain.

In 1834, it became the capital of the new kingdom of Greece.

The modern city is built on a definite plan and has many fine, broad streets. The best modern buildings are probably in Churchill Street and Venizelos Avenue. Among them are the public library, the national museum, the polytechnic and the university.

One of the most famous parts of Athens is the Acropolis (shown in the picture on the other side of this index card). Among the buildings which partly remain are the Parthenon, the Temple of Victory and the Erechtheum.



Stories from **MAHABHARATA**

The story so far:

After surmounting all the schemes and plots of the Kaurava princes, headed by Duryodhana, the Pandava princes regained their rightful inheritance, when King Dhritarashtra decided he had to divide the Kuru kingdom.

The sons of King Pandu built a new capital, Indraprastha, on the river Jumna, and this new kingdom was ruled by Yudhishtira, the elder of the princes.

His brother, Prince Arjuna with Sri Krishna helped Agni, the God of Fire, and when they spared the life of Maya, the demon architect, he, out of gratitude, built a magnificent

palace at Indraprastha for the Pandava princes.

The Pandava princes ruled from Indraprastha in all glory. Many who surrounded Yudhishtira urged him to perform the Rajasuya sacrifice, which was a formal assumption of the Imperial title over all the kings of ancient India.

Yudhishtira felt that he should perform the sacrifice, but he knew there were obstacles, for not all the kings throughout the land would acknowledge him as Emperor. So he decided to seek the advice of Sri Krishna.

When Krishna learnt that Yudhishtira sought his help,



he set out for Indraprastha in a chariot, harnessed with his swiftest horses.

Yudhishtira gladly welcomed Krishna's arrival and lost no time in elaborating on the problems that might arise if he decided to perform the Imperial Sacrifice.

Krishna was inclined to agree that there certainly was one very difficult obstacle. "By rights you should most certainly perform the sacrifice," he said, "But Jarasandha, King of Magadha, will definitely oppose it, and the only way you can overcome his opposition is to defeat and kill him. Then,

and only then, will all the monarchs, especially those who languish in Jarasandha's prisons, bow to your supermacy."

Yudhishtira was rather surprised at Krishna's vehemence, but realised the truth when Krishna spoke again. "You must realise that Jarasandha is a dastardly villian," Krishna spoke with some heat. "Everyone is afraid of him. You should remember I and my people were forced to fight a bitter conflict against Jarasandha, and we had to acknowledge defeat and flee to Dwaraka."

"But," replied Yudhishtira in a doubtful tone, "If you and the mighty Yadavas suffered defeat at the hands of Jarasandha, what chance have we?"

Bhima, who was present, did not care for this talk of defeatism. "Success goes to the bold, not to the timid," shouted Bhima. "Strength reinforced with stratagem will surely defeat this rogue. With Sri Krishna to advise us, and with my strength and Arjuna wielding his might bow, we shall surely vanquish Jarasandha."

At this Arjuna jumped to his feet and cried. "What

is the use of an existence if we are not prepared to do heroic deeds, worthy of our race. We know we are strong, and we should not be afraid of using our strength to accomplish something which is right."

Krishna was delighted with the brave words of Bhima and Arjuna, and he convinced Yudhishthira when he said. "The noblest duty of a Kshatriya is to be true to his race and faith, and overcome his foes in righteous battle, to win glory."

Now that Yudhishthira was persuaded that it was his duty to perform the Imperial sacrifice, he felt they showed im-

mediately plan a campaign of conquest.

"Patience my friend," expounded Krishna. "First let me tell you the history of Jarasandha, then you will know how to defeat him."

This is the story Sri Krishna told Brihadratha was the founder of the Magadha kings, and was acclaimed a great warrior. He married the twin daughters of the King of Kasi, and vowed he would be impartial to both his wives.

To his despair, Brihadratha was not blessed with any heirs and as he grew older, he decided to hand over the running of the kingdom to his ministers,





and took his wives into the forest to live in austerity. Whilst in the forest, he sought the advice of the Sage Kausika, who took pity on the plight of this childless warrior.

As they were talking, a mango fell into the lap of the sage. He gave it to the king with this blessing. "Take this fruit, for your dreams will be fulfilled."

The king cut the fruit in half and gave a piece to each of his wives. The wives ate the fruit, and months later each gave birth to half a child. Each half possessed one eye, half a face and body, one arm and one leg.

The wives were horrified, and commanded their attendants to tie the two horrible pieces in a cloth and throw the gruesome bundle far away. The attendants did as they were told, but a cannibal rakshasi named Jara, found the bundle and was elated to find it contained two pieces of flesh. As she picked up the two pieces, they accidentally came together and changed into a living whole child.

The giantess did not wish to kill the child, and being a rakshasi, she took the form of a beautiful woman and going to the king, presented him with the child saying. "This is your



The baby that became King Jarasandha of Magadha

child.”

The king was delighted, and decided that the child be named Jarasandha, as the child was put together by Jara, the giantess.

Krishna completed his story by saying. “Two parts joined together will still remain weak with a tendency to split. So against Jarasandha it is useless to talk of fighting with armies. He must be provoked to fight

Bhima in single combat, without weapons."

Yudhisthira soon saw the wisdom of Krishna's strategy, and it was agreed that Krishna would accompany Arjuna and Bhima to Magadha.

Disguised as men who had taken religious vows, the three would-be conquerors of the redoubtable Jarasandha, entered the kingdom of Magadha, and made their way to the capital, which was also called Jarasandha.

Outside the city walls on a nearby hill, King Jarasandha had placed three huge drums, which of their own accord would beat a prolonged alarm at the sight of an enemy.

The first thing the Princes did was to stealthily crawl up to the three drums and smash them with big rocks. Next, they scaled the city walls, and

avoiding the guards, managed to enter the city.

At the palace, King Jarasandha was sorely troubled by a succession of ill-omens and spent most of his time in the company of holy men, who he hoped would be able to quell his uneasy conscience. So the princes in their guise as holy men had no difficulty in gaining entrance to the palace, and the king welcomed them with open arms. He ordered his servants to bring food and drink. But Krishna, with bowed head, stepped forward and in a low voice said, "Your Majesty, my companions are very holy men and are under a vow of silence till midnight. Perhaps, after midnight, we can meet again?"

"Let it be as you suggest," replied the King. "My servants will bring you to my chamber after midnight."



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the July issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.
- ★ Entries must be received before

31st May, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to :

Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

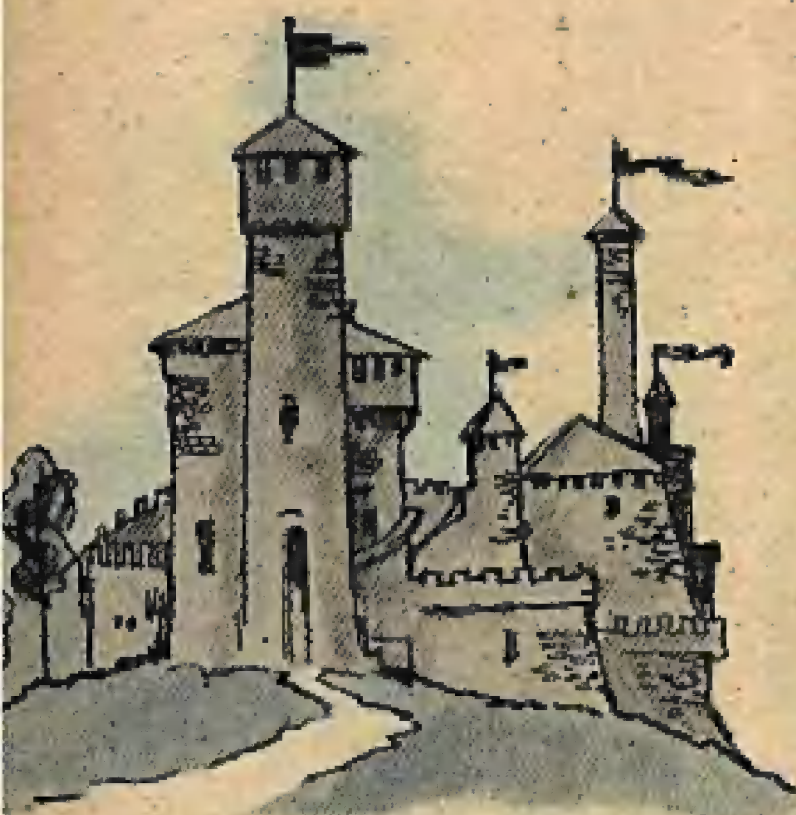
Result of Photo Caption Contest in March Issue

The prize is awarded to
Miss. Girija Subramanyam,
10 Hirasmruthi, Jeevan Nagar,
Chinchwad, Poona 19.

Winning entry — 'Balancing Feet' — 'Challenging Feet'

STORY FROM DENMARK

THE MISSING KING



Long ago, the country of Denmark was ruled by a wise and just king. He had two daughters and a son.

When the children were not very old, their mother died. A few years later their father died, too, but the little prince was too young to rule the kingdom, so Earl Godard, the most important of the nobles, became regent and ruled the country for him.

Earl Godard was a wicked man and a powerful one. He took the children and shut them away, nobody knew where. None of the nobles dared to ask where they had gone, for they were afraid of the powerful earl.

One of Earl Godard's tenants was a man named Grim. He was a stern and silent man, but a trustworthy one. He earned himself a poor living by fishing, but there was never any money to spare.

One day, Earl Godard sent for Grim. "You know, Grim, that you are my vassal," said the earl. "I can do with you what I will. I can turn you and your wife and children out of that poor cottage you have, if you do not obey my commands, is that not so?"

"It is my duty as a vassal to obey your commands, my lord," replied Grim and Earl Godard smiled, for he was pleased with the answer.

He took Grim to an old castle and led him up a winding

staircase to a small turret. He opened the door of a dark, cold room and, in the gloom, Grim could just make out a small child.

"Take this child, bind him and gag him and at midnight tonight drop him in the middle of the lake," commanded the earl. "Obey me, or it will be the worse for you."

Grim did as he was told. Then he took the child home with him. He did not loosen the gag, for he was afraid the child might beg to be saved and he would be overcome with pity.

Grim placed the child in the corner of the room and sat with his back to him, waiting for midnight, for he knew that if he saw the child's pleading eyes, he might not be able to carry out the earl's terrible command.

Night fell and inside the cottage it grew very dark, but to Grim's surprise he saw a light in the corner of the room. He turned his head and saw that it seemed to be hovering above the boy. He went over, to take a closer look and he saw, upon the boy's shoulder, a mark like a cross.

Grim called his wife. "It is



Earl Godard sent for his tenant, a man named Grim.

the prince," he said, in awe. "He has the mark of the cross on his shoulder, which all our kings have."

They undid the boy's gag and learned that the earl had killed the boy's two sisters, but the prince himself he had not the courage to kill, so he had chosen Grim to do it for him.

Grim fell on his knees. "You are my king," he said. "I will save you."

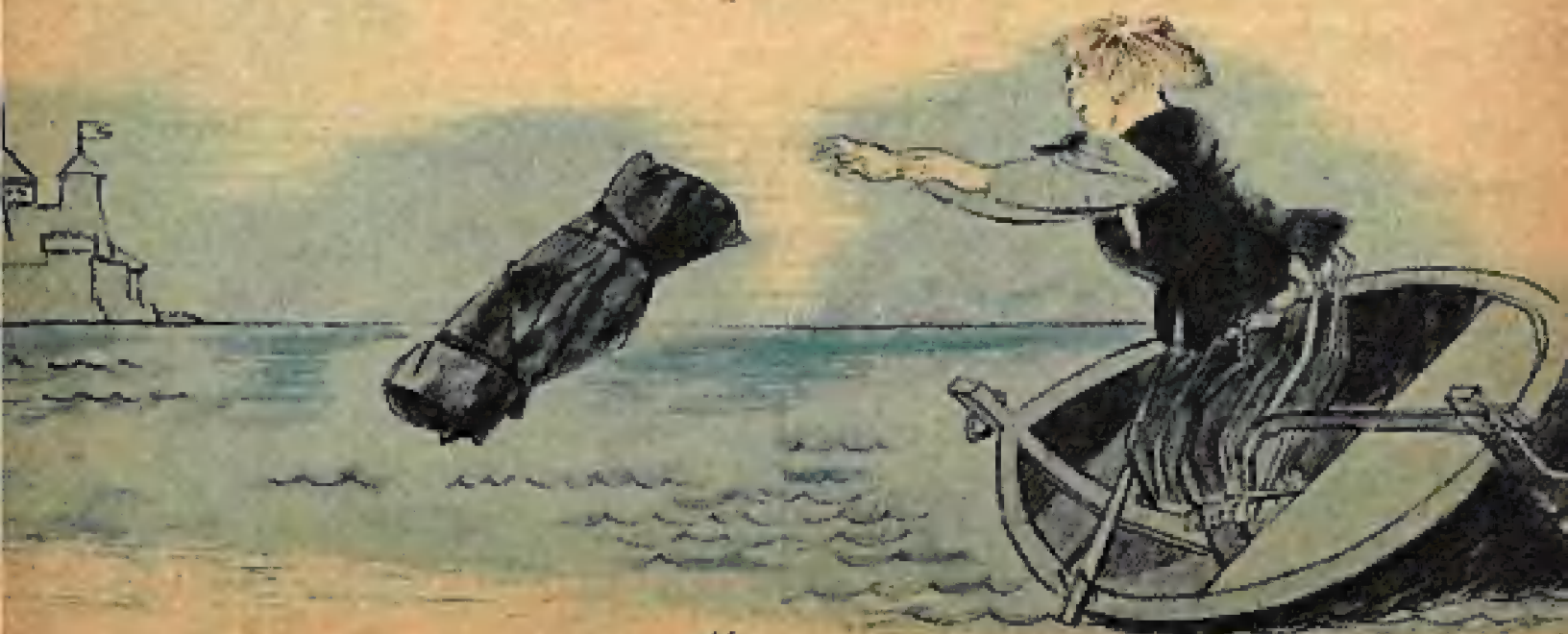
At midnight, Grim rowed out across the lake in his small boat. When he reached the middle, he dropped over the side a bundle of old rags, weighted down with stones. The bundle made a splash as it dropped into the water and Earl Godard, watching from his tower, thought it was the prince. He heaved a sigh of

relief to be free of the body at last.

The prince, however, was hidden safely away in Grim's cottage, but while he was there, Grime felt uneasy. He was always afraid that the boy might be discovered, so he decided to leave. He sold his few goods and took his family and the little prince on board a cargo boat which was bound for England.

They landed at a place which, it is said, is now called Grimsby in his honour. There Grim once more took up his trade as a fisherman.

At first, Grim did well. The little prince, whose name was Edmund, was always given the best of everything and consequently he was very happy.



However, the time came when the fishing was bad and Grim had hardly enough money to feed his family.

"You have worked for me long enough," Edmund said to his foster father. "It is now time I worked to keep you, in return."

It made Grim sad to think of his rightful king working to keep him, but at last Edmund had his way. He went off to Lincoln and found a job as a scullion, the lowliest servant in the kitchens of the great Earl Havelock.

Earl Havelock was the most powerful earl in England and he was also Regent of England. He ruled the kingdom for the young princess, until she came of age and could rule herself.

Soon after Edmund arrived in Lincoln, a great fair was held. There were many trials of strength, and Bertram, the earl's cook, made his new scullion enter for them all.

Edmund was so tall and strong that he had no difficulty in winning them all. He was a great favourite with all the other servants for his great strength and his good humour and they were so delighted that it soon reached the ears of



Earl Havelock.

The earl himself went to watch the merriment and the trials of strength and as he saw Edmund win again and again, he looked very thoughtful.

When he returned to his castle, he sent a messenger at once to Dover, to fetch the princess.

"I promised your father on his death-bed that I would marry you to the best, strongest and handsomest man in the realm," the earl told her. "I have just found him and you shall be married at once."

In vain the princess pleaded that she did not wish to be married and she wept even more loudly when the earl led in a tall, untidy youth, whose tunic was spotted with grease and kitchen stains and whose hands were dirty.

"You are to be married at once to this girl, scullion," cried the earl. Edmund protested that he could hardly earn enough to keep himself, let alone a wife, but the earl would have no argument and the two were married, the bride weeping bitterly all the time.

"Now take your wife and go," ordered the wicked earl. "She will never wear the crown of

England now, for the mighty barons would never consent to be ruled by the wife of a scullion. I shall continue to be ruler of England."

Edmund took his new wife, the Princess Elfrida, back to Grim's home.

That night, as darkness fell, the princess saw a bright light shining above the head of her



new husband. She looked at him in wonder and as she did so, she noticed a mark like a cross on his shoulder.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am Edmund, the rightful heir to the throne of Denmark," he replied and he told the princess how he, too, had been driven from his kingdom by the wicked Regent, Earl Godard.

"If that is so, rouse yourself," said the princess. "Return to your kingdom and claim what is rightfully yours. Surely there are still some loyal subjects who will fight for you. When you have won back your throne, return and win back mine for me."

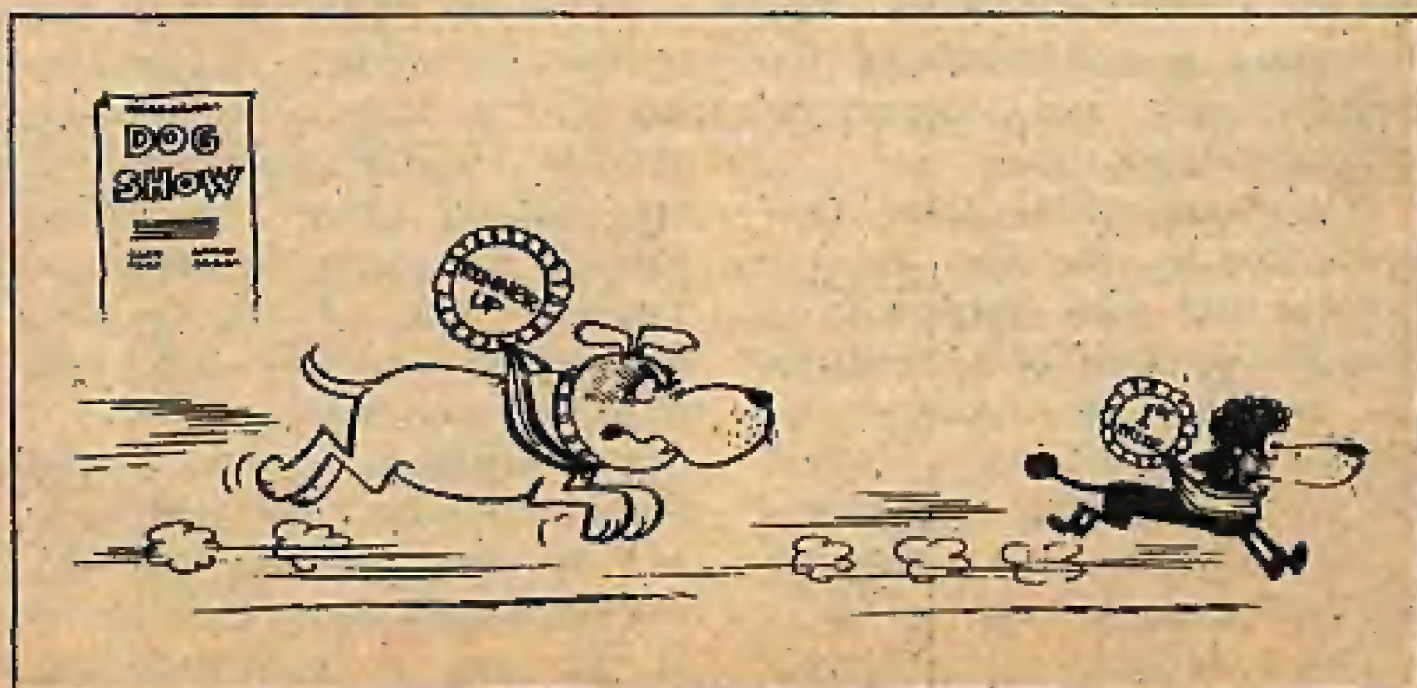
Edmund was ashamed now that he had not returned to Denmark to claim his throne

before. He swore to make Elfrida Queen of both Denmark and England.

He set sail for Denmark, disguised as a trader and when he arrived, he found that the cruel regent, Earl Godard, was hated by all. The news spread quickly that Edmund was alive and had returned and the people flocked to fight for him. His army was soon big enough to defeat the earl and he was able to return in triumph to England, at the head of a large army.

There, he won the throne of England for his wife with ease.

The two traitor earls were executed while Edmund and his princess were crowned King and Queen of both Denmark and England and ruled wisely and well to the end of their lives.



PRINCES AND RIDDLES

Many centuries ago the ruler of an ancient kingdom in North India was a king named Narendra, who had three sons, Pingala, Hitendra and Pramod. The king, who was extremely wise, decided that his three sons should travel and learn more of the world.

So the three princes travelled through many kingdoms, and eventually arrived at Pushpa, which was ruled by Queen Arati.

The capital city was such a delightful gem of architecture, the princes decided to stay in the city for several days. The following morning each of the princes went sight seeing in different directions.

The youngest brother, Pramod, made his way to the palace and was surprised to find the portrait of a beautiful girl fixed to a small doorway in one of the palace walls. When he looked closely, he discovered there was a message beneath the portrait. It read—'This is Princess Sarala, and whoever

can correctly answer the riddles she poses, may have her hand in marriage. But failing to give the right answers, will mean slavery for life. Anyone willing to offer himself for the test, should ring the bell.'

Pramod was enamoured by this lovely girl's portrait, and seeing a bell-rope close to the picture, he promptly gave it a good tug.

Almost immediately two slave women came through the door and beckoned the prince to follow them.

They led Pramod into one of the state rooms, and seating him on a carpet, the women produced a gold tray, on which was placed three rose buds. Putting the tray in front of Pramod, one of the women announced. "Now sire, you must answer this riddle."

Poor Pramod was at a loss for an answer. He tried one or two bold guesses, but the women merely shook their heads. In the end he had to admit



defeat. Immediately two guards appeared and hustled Pramod away, to serve as a slave.

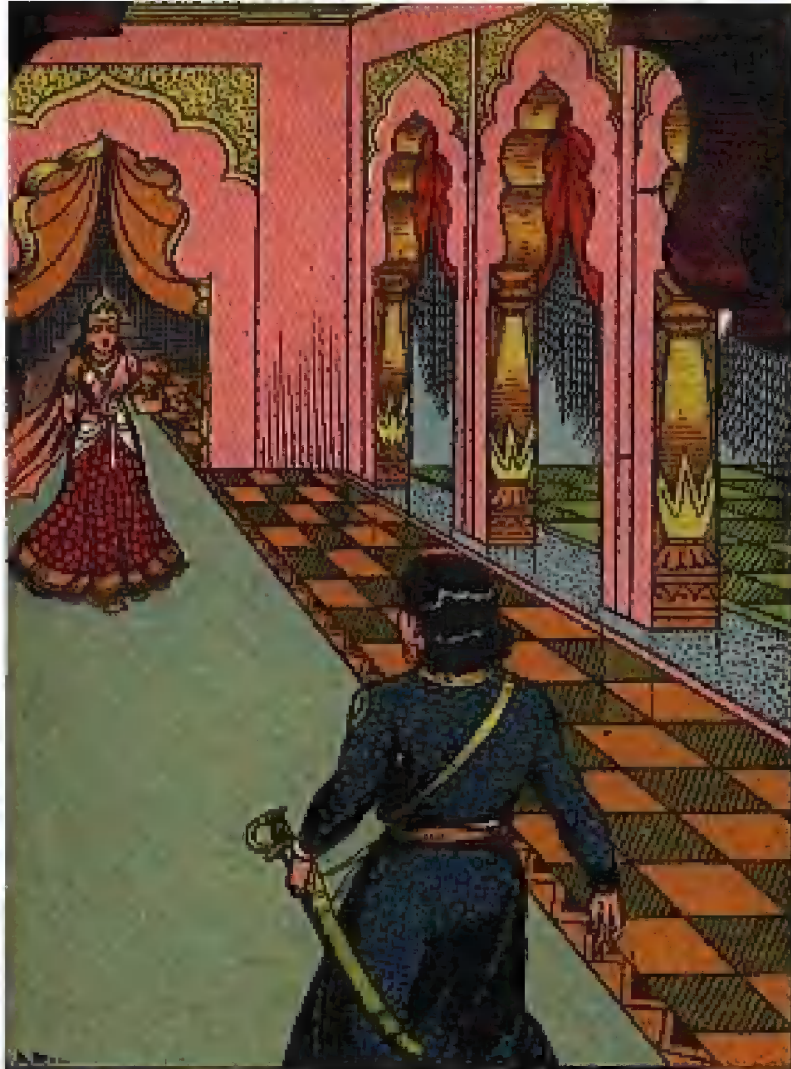
That evening the eldest brother Pingala, waited in vain for his two brothers to return. After a sleepless night, he set out the following morning to find them.

Eventually Pingala came to the palace, and when he saw the girl's portrait, he thought it would be just like his adventurous brothers to try their luck in such a mad venture. Seeing a guard close by, he enquired if by chance the guard had seen either of his brothers.

"Someone such as you describe was here yesterday," replied the guard. "He thought he was clever enough to win the princess. But he is now a slave in the Queen's household."

Pingala was sure that this unfortunate slave must be one of his brothers, and he resolved he would answer a dozen riddles to obtain his brother's release.

Being cautious by nature, he decided to confer with the wise men of the city on the subject of riddles. Most of the scholars he met had little knowledge of riddles, then he met an old bearded patriarch, who produced



an ancient volume on riddles, written by a buddhist monk. Pingala spent hours poring over the book and when he was satisfied with his findings, made haste to the palace, and gave the bell a good ring.

When the gold tray with the three buds was put in front of him, he promptly answered. "I am a Khastriya prince."

It was the correct answer. Then more riddles were given to him to solve, which he did without the slightest hesitaion.

Now the women beckoned Pingala to follow them, and they took him through endless

great rooms till they came to a lavishly decorated hall, and there seated on a golden throne, was a woman of unsurpassing beauty.

"Come closer," she said, "and let me see the prince I am destined to wed."

"But you are not the lady of the portrait," Pingala said, with a perplexed frown. "I admit you are more beautiful than Princess Sarala. So tell me, is this yet another riddle?"

"This is no riddle. I am Queen Arati, and as I did not want everyone to know my quest for a husband, I used the portrait of Sarala, my maid of honour. Are you so disappointed?"

Pingala gazed in wonder at the beautiful queen. "I vow to be worthy of you," he proclaimed. "But first, I fear one of my brothers is a slave in your household. I crave that he be set free."

"You are wrong," the Queen said with a smile. "When I discovered your brother's noble birth, I agreed that he should marry my maid Sarala."

Soon the two brothers were united, but where was the other brother?

Prince Hithendra had idly

walked through the streets of the city, until suddenly he was accosted by a richly garbed merchant, who embraced him as though he was an old friend.

"Come with me," entreated the merchant. "You must marry my daughter. The wedding ceremony is all arranged, so let us hurry."

The prince thought the man was crazy, but decided to humour him for it sounded all very unusual.

The merchant grasped Hitendra by the arm and literally dragged him along the street and into a large mansion. When they got inside, they were greeted by the merchant's daughter, a lovely girl named Vandana.

Prince Hitendra was still at a loss to understand what it was all about, but after several promptings, the merchant told his story.

"My name is Kamaleswar," he explained. "And for years



I have planned for a suitable marriage for my daughter. Then I arranged for her to marry the son of a merchant who lives on the Island of Nabadvip, and the wedding ceremony is to take place tomorrow. But alas, the bridegroom and his family it is feared, have been lost at sea. So please say you will marry my daughter."

It certainly was an unusual proposal, but the girl was so lovely, Hitendra did not need much persuasion, and so, on the following morning, the young couple were married.

A week passed, when to the amazement and chagrin of everyone, the would-be bridegroom and his family arrived at the merchant's house. When they heard that the girl had married someone else, the would-be groom and his family raged and shouted. The father de-

manded that this outrageous affair should be brought to the notice of the Queen, so that the marriage could be annulled.

And so everyone trooped off to the palace, to hear what the Queen would decide.

When they stood in front of Her Majesty, Prince Pingala her consort, was glad to see his brother again, and was all smiles as he listened to the story of the unusual wedding.

The Queen listened to what everyone had to say, then turning to Prince Pingala she said. "This case is beyond me, so you must give a wise decision."

Pingala announced that by law, the marriage must be held valid, but the bride's father should pay all the expenses incurred by the family of the would-be groom.

So in the end the three princes were all happily married.



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN



It will give me great pleasure, my dear readers, to tell you now about a strange adventure which happened to me on a journey from Europe to Egypt. At the time I was on my way to visit the Grand Ruler of Cairo and upon my gallant horse I set forth in the direction of the city of Constantinople (which is now called Istanbul).

After several days I came

upon a peasant trudging along beside a loaded donkey.

"Good-day to you, friend," I said. "Am I on the right road to Egypt?"

He replied that he thought I was going the right way, but before we could talk any more we were surprised at the sight of a moving cloud of dust approaching at great speed.

"What or who is this?" I cried.

To my astonishment, a tall, thin man came into view running at a very fast rate—although he had fastened to each of his feet a huge ball of iron weighing at least fifty pounds!

"Where are you going to at such speed?" I called out.

"And why do you load yourself with such a weight as that?"

"I left Vienna, sir, half an hour ago," he replied. "I was a servant there to a great lord, but have just lost my job as his messenger. As I no longer have any use for my speed I lessen it by the help of these heavy weights. When you go

slowly, you go more surely, my master used to say."

The fellow pleased me so much that I asked him if he would become my servant. He agreed at once, so we started off again, passing through many cities and crossing many lands.

One day, as we were trotting along, I saw a man stretched upon the ground. He seemed to be asleep, but he was not, for he kept one ear close to the ground as though listening.

"What are you listening to?" I asked.

"I am listening to the grass growing to pass away the time," he answered.

"And can you hear it grow?"

"Oh, yes, it's easy for me to hear things like that," he said.

"Then come with me, my man," I told him. "It may be useful to me some day to have a keen ear in my party."

He got up and followed me.

A little farther on I saw a man on a hill. He had a gun which he kept shooting into the sky.

"Good sport to you—but what are you shooting at?" I asked. "I can see nothing but the sky."

"I am trying this new gun I have bought," he replied. "I have just shot a sparrow that had perched on the spire of Strasburg Cathedral."

I knew very well that the cathedral at Strasburg was about two hundred miles away so I lost no time in getting this wonderful marksman to become one of my attendants.

We continued our journey and at length reached a large wood, which contained many tall trees. In front of the wood

"I am listening to the grass growing, to pass away the time," the man told me.



With his forefinger
he was closing one
of his nostrils

was a sturdy-looking fellow. In his hand he held a rope, which was looped round two or three hundred trees.

"What are you doing with that?" I asked him.

"I came out to cut down some trees, and found I had left my axe behind me," he said, "so I am doing the best I can."

So saying, he gave a great tug and pulled down the two or three hundred trees as though they had been a handful of reeds.

You can easily guess what I did. At once I persuaded this strong man to join me.

By then we were a party of four and we happily travelled on together to Egypt. But the instant that we set foot on Egyptian soil there rose such a tempest that for a moment I feared that we would all be blown over and carried away.

In all my life I have never known such a strong wind. It

came as if from nowhere out of a clear blue sky, but the strangest and most frightening part about it was that it was accompanied by the sound of the most awful groaning and screeching.

"There must be some reason for this," I thought to myself. Bidding my companions to stay where they were and to take what shelter they could find, I struggled against the force of the wind to a spot where I could see some windmills.



The sails of these windmills were turning round at an amazing speed—so fast, in fact, that they groaned and screeched.

Ah, that accounts for the noise, which is now not so frightening as it was," I thought to myself.

Fighting my way against the wind I went on a little farther towards a huge fat man, seated upon a rock. He was facing towards the windmills and with his forefinger he was closing one of his nostrils.

As soon as he saw me struggling to reach him, he got up and gave me a salute such as a soldier makes to his commanding officer.

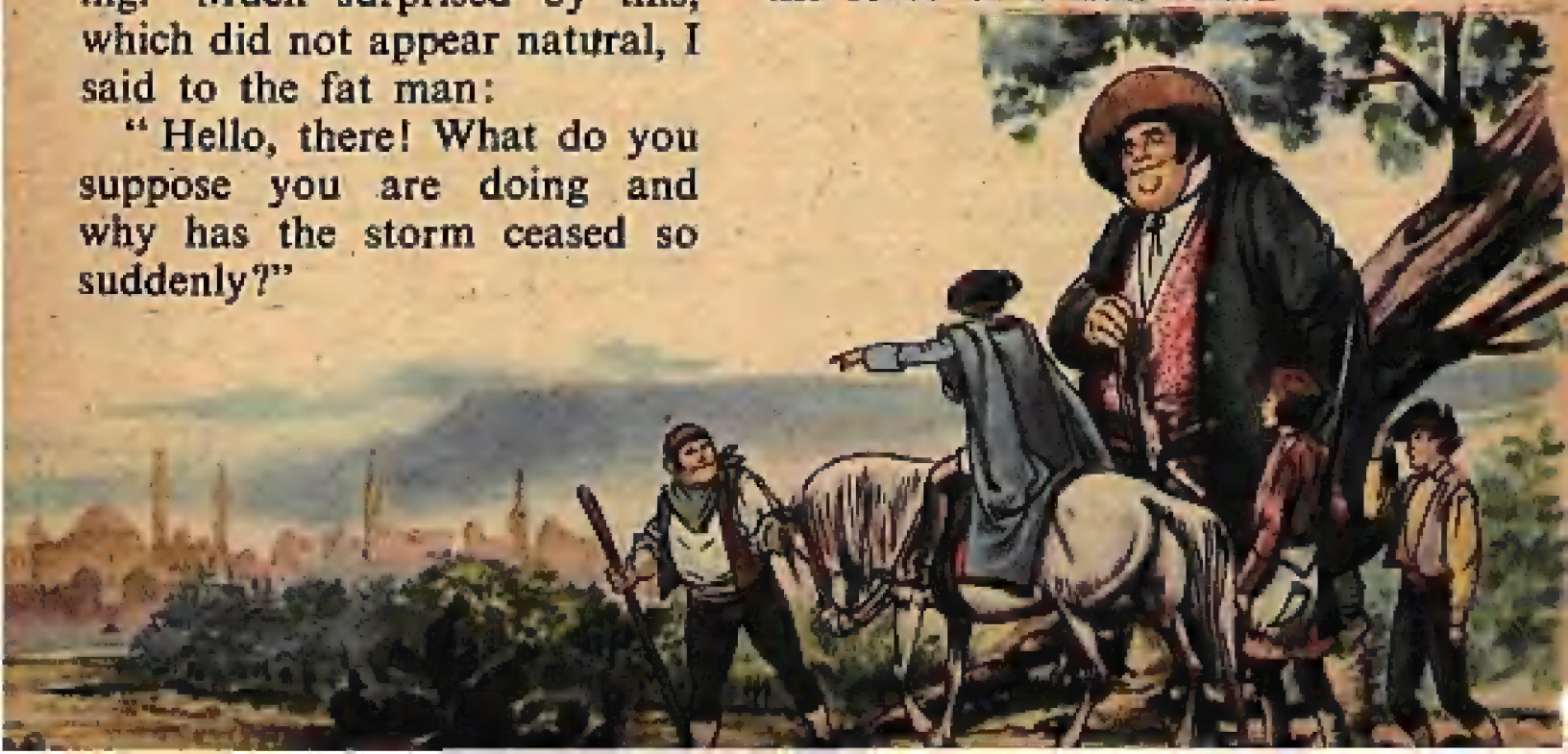
The wind fell as if by magic and the windmills stopped turning. Much surprised by this, which did not appear natural, I said to the fat man:

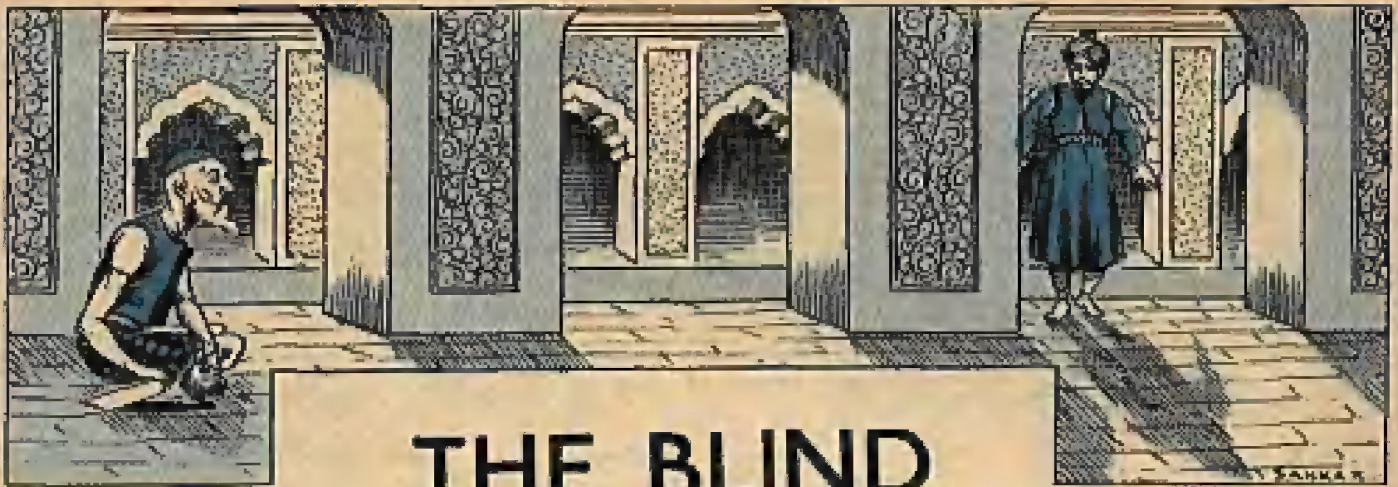
"Hello, there! What do you suppose you are doing and why has the storm ceased so suddenly?"

"I beg your pardon, Excellency," he replied with a modest bow. "I was blowing out a little wind from my nose to keep the sails of the windmills turning, and for fear of turning them too quickly, I stopped one nostril."

"Here is a man I must not lose," I thought. "He would be most useful if ever I got short of breath."

He readily agreed to join me on my travels. I introduced him to my other companions and we set off for Cairo—a strange collection of people. There was myself, the fastest runner in the world, the man who could hear everything, the marksman with the gun, the strong man, and the big man who could breathe out with the force of a hurricane.





THE BLIND BEGGAR

There was once a barber in Kabul who, through the passing years went blind and had to give up his trade. But having a family to keep, the barber took to begging, and to his surprise found that begging brought him more money than he ever earned as a barber.

Not only was the barber and his family able to live in reasonable comfort but he was able to save, and eventually he was the proud possessor of a hundred pieces of silver, which he always carried around with him in a small bag, well hidden in his clothing.

One morning as he sat in his usual place outside the mosque begging, his hidden hoard of silver started to worry him. Supposing the bag burst or someone waylaid him.

These were disturbing thoughts, then he had an idea. When he went into the mosque to say his prayers, he always knelt in the same dark corner, and he remembered there was a loose board in the floor. Surely that would be a good place to hide his money.

So that evening when he went into the mosque, he waited patiently until he was sure everyone else had departed. Then taking out his knife, he prised up the floor board, and feeling carefully underneath, found a ledge, on which he placed his bag of silver.

After putting back the floor board, the beggar shuffled out of the mosque, happy not to have the worry of carrying his small fortune with him. But alas, there was someone else in

the mosque. A late-comer who had seen the blind beggar hide something underneath the floor.

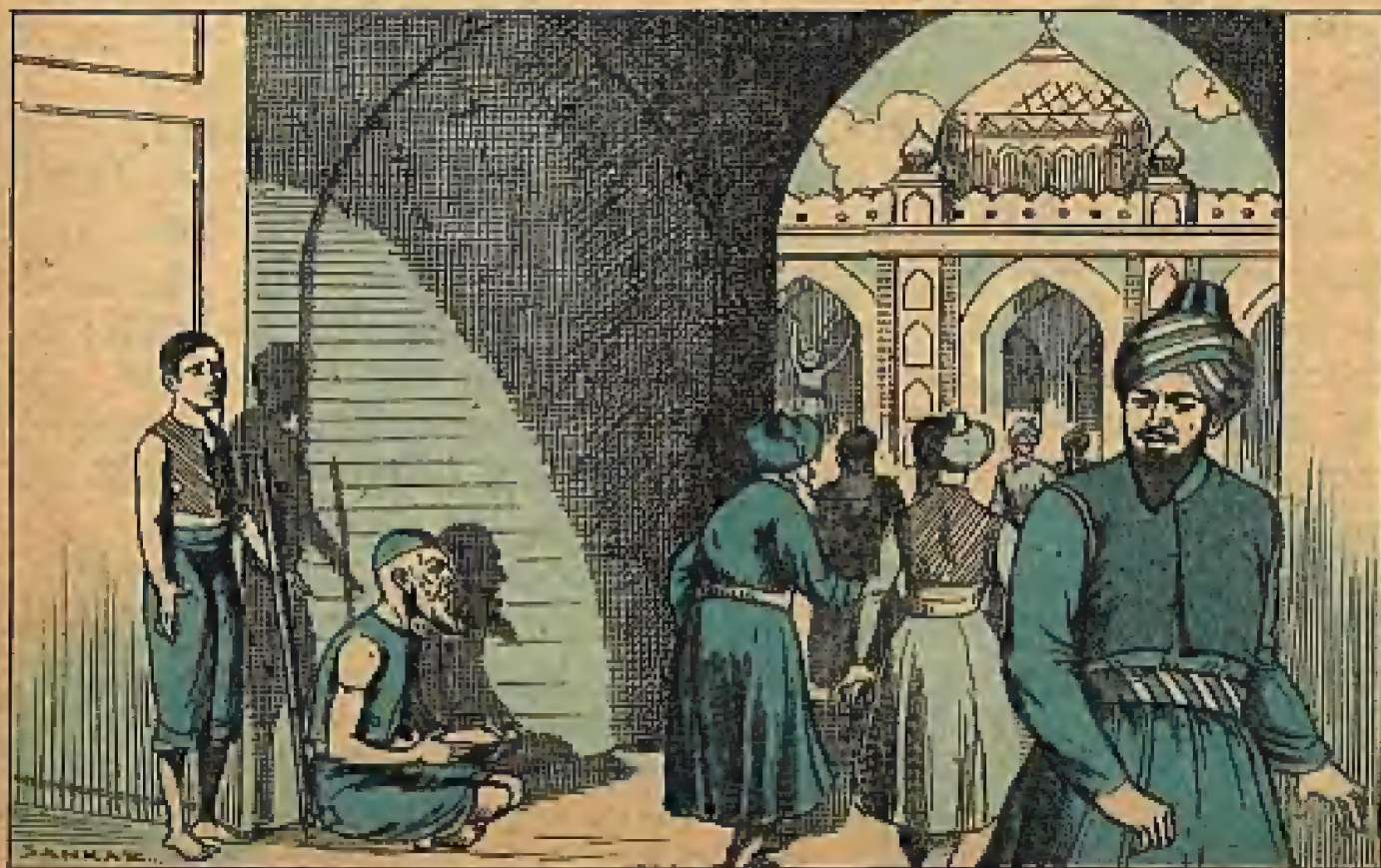
No sooner had the beggar gone, when the stranger went quickly to where the beggar had knelt, and it did not take much effort to find the hidden treasure.

The following week the beggar decided it would be wise to check that his hidden bag of silver was still safe. Waiting until he knew everyone was abed, he made his way into the mosque, but when he frantically searched his hiding place, he sadly realised he had been robbed.

Instead of crying over his loss, the beggar quietly resolved not only to find the culprit who had robbed him, but get his money back as well.

The next day he took his youngest son with him to his usual begging place outside the mosque. Sitting himself down with his begging bowl, he whispered to his son. "Sit close by my son, and watch everyone who passes. If someone smiles at me, or eyes me with satisfaction, find out who the person is."

Days went by and nothing happened. Then one evening the son clutched his father's





arm. "A man just passed by and when he looked at you, he had a big grin."

"Follow him and find out who he is and where he lives," urged the beggar.

"There is no need father," the boy replied. "The man is Abdul the merchant who has a shop on the other side of the square."

Abdul the merchant was rather suspicious when the blind beggar entered his shop one morning.

"If you are Abdul the merchant, I have some confidential business I can put your way," the beggar said.

"I am Abdul, and as there is no one here, you can tell me what this confidential business is. But do not waste my time, for I am a busy man," replied Abdul, still wondering why the beggar was here.

"I am sure you can keep a secret," said the beggar. "I have no less than two hundred pieces of silver. One hundred pieces I have lent to a kinsman, but they will be returned tomorrow. The other hundred is safely hidden. Now what I propose is that I give you the two hundred pieces to invest for me in your business. But let this transaction be a secret

between us two."

Abdul rubbed his hands with delight. "You can most certainly trust me. Bring me the silver, and I swear no one will ever know of this deal."

But in his mind Abdul was fondly thinking—"this beggar is a fool. He obviously does not know that I have already stolen some of his money. I will put back the money I took from the mosque, then tomorrow this poor fool will bring me all his wealth, and I will keep the lot."

That night Abdul furtively put back the bag of silver under the floor board in the mosque, and went home conjuring wonderful ideas on the money the beggar would bring for him, to invest. Into his own pocket it would go, and it would be no use the beggar shouting 'thief', because who would ever believe

a beggar could possibly own two hundred pieces of silver.

But next day the beggar never appeared, and Abdul spent hours gazing out of his shop door for his rich benefactor. Abdul lost no time the following day, and hurried to the mosque, and there outside, squatting in his usual spot, was the beggar.

Abdul knelt down beside the beggar and whispered. "It is I, Abdul, where is the money?"

"Woe is me," said the beggar in a melancholy voice. "My kinsman ran away with the hundred pieces of silver I loaned him. And some dastardly robber stole the other hundred I had hidden."

The beggar looked so pitiful, but at the same time his hand was fondly patting his bag of silver, so kindly restored by Abdul the merchant.



LEGENDS FROM MANY LANDS

THE SLAYER OF THE WHITE DEMON!

THE mythical history of Persia tells us of a noble governor of Hindustan named Sam, who became the father of a son. The face of this son was handsome, but his hair was white like that of an old man.

Sam was ashamed of the baby's strange appearance and left him to die on a distant mountain. A vulture, named Simurgh, heard the cries of the child and carried him in its claws to its nest on the summit of Mount Elburz.

In time, the child grew and became a tall, powerful man whose arms and chest rippled with muscles and whose waist was slim.

Meanwhile, Sam was stricken with remorse and was warned in a dream to search for his son. When he reached the distant mountain and discovered Simurgh's rock, the vulture agreed to give up his adopted son and placed him at Sam's feet. At once, Sam blessed his son and named him Zal.

To the Persians, Zal was a hero full of wisdom and valour. One of the stories they told about him concerned his love for the beautiful Rudabeh.

Zal fell in love with her even before he had met her, such were the tales he had heard of her loveliness.

Her admirers likened her to the most beautiful things they knew. Flowers which delighted the eye, rich jewels which fascinated with their beauty and fine wine which pleased the senses were as nothing beside the wonderful Rudabeh.

Rudabeh had also heard Zal praised for his strength and beauty, and her heart was filled with love for him. Secretly, her slaves arranged for Zal and Rudabeh to meet.

Then, Rudabeh prepared a palace hung with Chinese brocades, filled with flowers, adorned with vases of gold and turquoise, scented with musk and amber and strewn with rubies and emeralds.



She waited for Zal on the terrace above the palace and as soon as she saw him, she loosened her long tresses and let them fall from the walls.

"O son of a gallant father," she called down. "Seize the ends of my black curls, and

climb up them to me."

Zal gazed at the wonderful beauty of Rudabeh's face and felt the softness of her flowing tresses.

"I will not hurt you by using your hair as a climbing rope," he cried. "I have a cord which

will serve our purpose."

Taking a cord from his slave, he made a running knot and without further words tossed it in the air. The noose caught in the battlements and Zal climbed up. After he had reached the top of the high wall, the lovely princess drew near. In her hand she took the hand of Zal and together they walked away happily.

Before they could get married there was trouble over family rivalries. But these were overcome when a wise astrologer said, "This virtuous couple will have a son like unto a war-elephant, a stoutly girded son who will submit all men to the might of his sword and raise the king's throne above the clouds."

This son was to be the mighty and invincible Rustem. The stories of Rustem's exploits tell of a hero whose brave deeds spread over many reigns.

One of the most celebrated of these is the slaying of the White Demon in the mountains of Tabaristan. This was a mighty achievement that earned Rustem much fame. But another demon took Rustem by surprise one day while he was asleep, and threw him into the sea.

However, Rustem escaped from this peril as he did from all the others to which the demons exposed him. Only the treachery of the king, whom Rustem had served so well, was able to cause his death.

Being jealous of Rustem's glory, the king had deep trenches dug in a game preserve; the bottom of the trenches bristled with spears, javelins and swords.

Then the king said, "Should you care to hunt, I own a property where there are herds of wandering game. You must not fail to pay this charming spot a visit."

Rustem did not scent the plot and went to the preserve. But his horse shied at the preserve and would not enter. Heedless of this, Rustem spurred his horse forward on to the fatal path where they plunged into one of the trenches and were cruelly lacerated. Rustem's wounds were fatal, but before he died he had the satisfaction of killing the treacherous king with an arrow.

Stories like this of the mythical history of ancient Persia are told in the *Shah-Nameh*, or Book of the Kings, a sparkling 10th-century poem.



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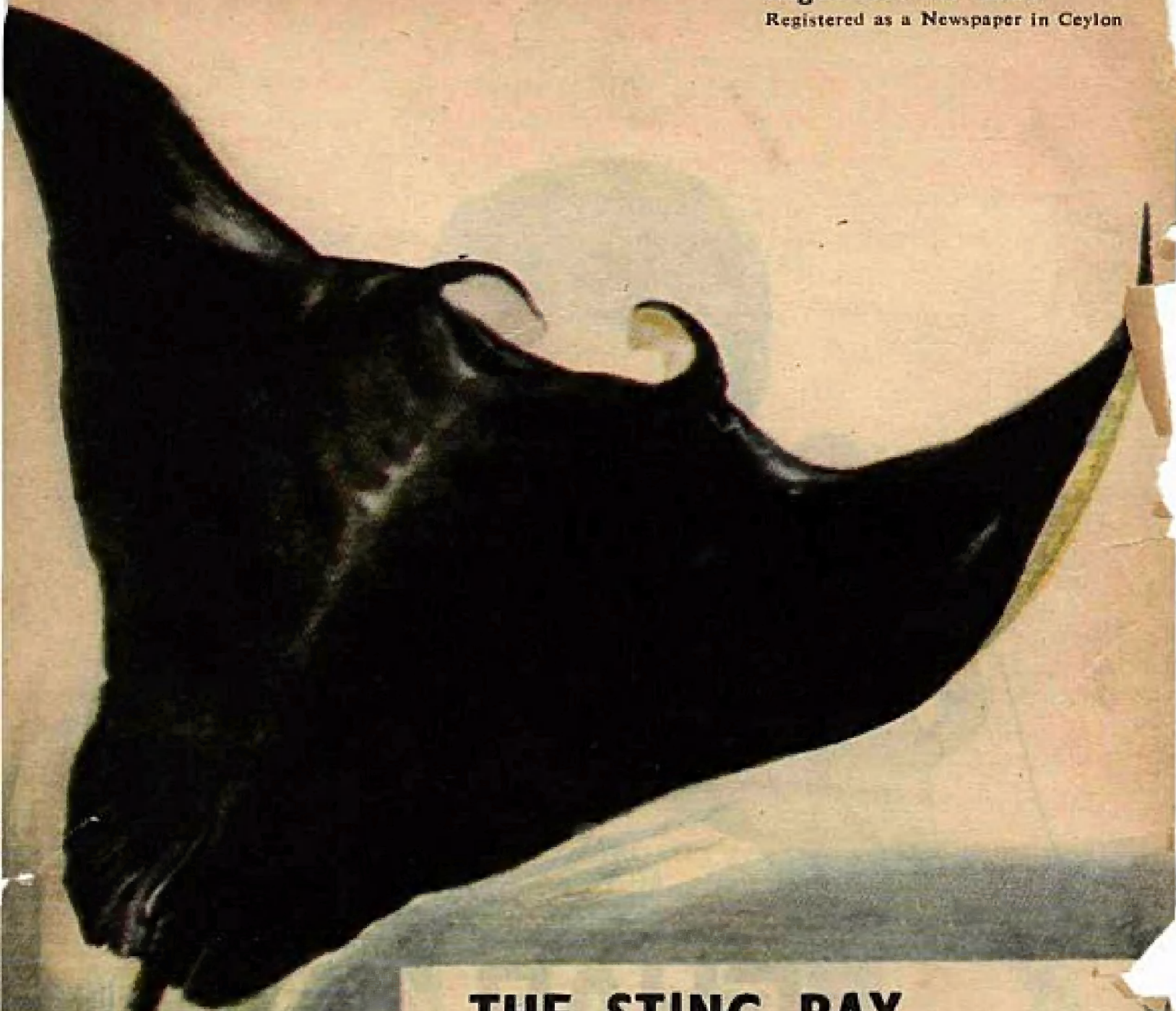
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THE STING RAY

An offshoot of primitive sharks are the Sting Rays which reach up to 20 feet in length. On their very powerful jaws are large flat teeth shaped for crushing and grinding their victims. For example, giant clams which require a force of 1000 lbs. can be crushed quite